



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

and truly good. This taste is not a native one. We are pure enough, simple enough, correct enough, as children: it is only as we grow up to learn the ways of high living and fashion, that we depart from the naturally correct instincts of our nature.

Charles Mackay's "History of Popular Delusions," furnishes a chapter on the public *mania* for these vulgarisms. It is a significant chapter, for the moral every intelligent man can apply for himself. The present day affords matter for another book, and would, if used properly, present us to a future generation as a nation of barbarians, speaking in a vocabulary savoring of *very* low life indeed. "Well I do, old hoss!" "Give 'em a tiger!" "Let 'er rip!" "G'lang!" "The elephant;" "lions;" "tigers;" "bears;" "bulls!" "G'hal;" "B'hoy;" "busted;" "gone by the board;" "showing his teeth;" "trapped;" "boned;" "caved;" and so on to the end of the almost limitless vocalisation of words—no, not words, but expressions—coined for almost every imaginable occasion. What will be thought of us, an *enlightened* people, one hundred years hence, should any one write up the record now, and leave it for that distant generation? "People will be as bad then?" you query. Possibly they will, but we should fain hope that, in the boasted progress we are making, these vocal enormities would be, as old dirt-carts, thrown aside in disgust, for the graceful engine and carriage, so full of beauty and life, which await the bidding of all.

We have been led to these reflections by reading a newspaper announcement that a certain book (Thesaurus) from which, in its first edition, all vulgarisms had been excluded, was to be reprinted with all the yet heard-of provincialisms, vulgarisms, by-words, and current parlance, introduced in the text, as part of the *available* resources of our language!

Apropos is the following, from a recent discourse of an English clergyman, on "Manliness in Speech." He says:

"There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness, that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell-mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words, threatening the entire extinction of genuine English! Now just listen for a moment to our fast young man,

or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man he must talk in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own 'hook.' If he sees anything remarkably good, he calls it a 'stunner,' the superlative of which is a 'regular stunner.' If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will 'stand Sam.' If he meets a savage looking dog, he calls him an 'ugly customer.' If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a 'rummy old cove.' A sensible man is a 'chap that is up to snuff.' A man not remarkable for good sense is a 'cake'—a 'flat'—a 'spoon'—a 'stick'—his mother does not know he is out. A doubtful assertion is to be 'told to the marines.' An incredible statement is 'all gammon.' Our young friend never scolds, but 'blows up'—never pays, but 'stumps up'—never finds it difficult to pay, but is 'hard up'—never feels fatigued, but is 'used up.' He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a 'tile.' He wears no neck-cloth, but surrounds his throat with a 'choker.' He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he 'hangs out.' He never goes away or withdraws, but he 'bolts'—he 'slopes'—he 'mizzles'—he 'makes himself scarce'—he 'walks his chalks'—he 'makes tracks'—he 'cuts his stick'—or, what is the same thing, he 'cuts his lucky!' The highest compliment you can pay him, is to tell him that he is a 'regular brick.' He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being 'plucky.' Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about 'tin,' and 'the needful,' 'the rhino,' and 'the ready.' When a man speaks, he 'spouts'—when he holds his peace, he 'shuts up'—when he is humiliated, he is 'taken down a peg or two,' and 'made to sing small.' He calls his hands 'paws,' his legs 'pins.' To be perplexed, is to be 'flummoxed'—to be disappointed, is to be 'dished'—to be cheated, is to be 'sold'—to be cheated clearly, is to be 'done brown.' Whatsoever is fine, is 'nobby'—whatsoever is shabby, is 'seedy'—whatsoever is pleasant, is 'jolly.' He says: 'Blessed if he does this,' 'blowed if he does that,' 'hanged' if he does the other thing; or he exclaims: 'My eye!' 'My stars!' If you asked him which were his stars, he would be 'flummoxed.' Then he swears 'By George'—'by the piper'—on select occasions he selects 'the piper that played before Moses.' Now, a good

deal of this slang is harmless; many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable. For example, as Archdeacon Hare observes, in one of his sermons, the word 'governor,' as applied to a father, is to be reprehended. I have heard a young man call his father the 'relieving officer.' Does it not betray, on the part of young men, great ignorance of the paternal and filial relationships, or great contempt for them? Their father is to such young men merely a governor—merely the representative of authority. Innocently enough, the expression is used by thousands of young men who venerate and love their parents; but only think of it, and I am sure you will admit that it is a cold, heartless word when thus applied, and one that ought forthwith to be abandoned."

CANADIAN HOMES.



ONE of the most beautiful portions of this continent is that of the Canadas. With noble hills and fair valleys—streams of great power and purity of water—forests whose "primeval silences" are as grand as the very thought of majesty itself; its attractions are of a highly positive physical character. The reader of "Willis's "Sketch Book of Canadian Scenery," with its accompanying plates, will guess as much. In making up the summer's tour programme, it will be hard to reject "the Provinces," where beauty of scene, purity of air, interest of character, real luxury of living, are allowed to have their due weight.

The people of "the Provinces" possess characteristics which offer a fine field for the observation of the student of human nature. From the Newfoundland fisherman on the east to the half-breed on the west, embracing the intermedia of French, English, Scotch, Irish, and nondescript—in all stages of mixture as well as in their rigid purity—we surmise no country on the face of the globe offers richer material for the pen and pencil of the acute observer and delineator. "Sam Slick" gave us the Yankee as he is in his native "nobility;" but who shall give us the native "Kanuck," with all his varied idiosyncracies and positive elements of individuali-

ty? Canada has yet to have her Cooper, her Scott, her Dickens, who shall make us familiar with its people and its homes.

Of some of these homes, a Canadian paper thus talks: "There are exceptions to every rule, but, speaking generally, enter one of the substantial brick messuages which so thickly dot our older settled townships, and what do you behold? You are ushered into a room, furnished with neatness, and even elegance, as far as the mission of the upholsterer extends. Carpets, chairs, tables, and sofas, are unexceptionable, and would pass muster in the domicile of any Anglican country squire. And ten to one are the chances that the apartment boasts of a piano-forte, from the manufactory of a Chickering or Dunham, which even Nordheimer would regard with approbative complacency.

"Cast your eye to the walls of the chamber, however, and how dismal the incongruity which is manifested. We employ not the language of exaggeration, when asserting that the pictorial decorations you there discover would reflect disgrace upon the bar-room of a village tavern, so far as artistic merit is concerned. They consist, for the most part, of flaunting, colored lithographs, purchased for sixpence ahead, and dear bargains at that money.

"Amongst the prints are frequently interspersed original 'drawings' by female members of the family, inexorably ignoring the primary rules of perspective. Either self-taught are the authors of these caricatures, or they have received indoctrination from ignorant empirics, who profess to impart a practical knowledge of 'painting' in half-a-dozen 'easy lessons,' and for the moderate honorarium of three or four dollars. Not unseldom a coarse county or township map lends dismal diversity to the series, and the chances are great that if you have a predilection for statuary, it will be gratified by the effigy of a cat or dog in plaster of Paris, resplendent with all the hues of the rainbow.

"Better, a hundred-fold better, that our dwellings were devoid of everything in the shape of ornamenture, than exhibit such libels upon art. By contemplating them morning, noon and night, the eyes of the rising generation become accustomed to a degraded standard of merit, and thus the chance of improvement in matters of taste is rendered next to impossible. If things are permitted to remain in their

present deplorable position, Canadians one hundred years hence will occupy precisely the same mean position on the dilettanti scale that they now hold."

This is not flattering to the hopes of the Art-philanthropist, truly; and, yet, in the general spread of intelligence, under the admirable systems of education being adopted, we think there is every reason to look for a better appreciation of the *beautiful* things of life, by the householder, the farmer, the well-to-do mechanic, the active business man—those who go to make up the *back-bone* of Canadian progress.

MOONLIGHT MEMORIES.

Do thy chamber windows open east
Beloved, as did ours of old?
I see you stand when day has ceased,
Retiring through Eve's porch of gold,
And watch the pink flush fade above
The hills on which the wan moon leans,
And know you think of all the love
That blest this hour in other scenes.

I see your hand upon your heart,
I see you dash away the tears—
It is the same undying smart
That touched our breasts in other years,
And cannot pass away. You stand
Pressing against the frosty pane
Your burning forehead, and command
Some balm to fall upon your pain.

But balm is not for griefs like ours,
Nor resurrection for dead Hope:
In vain we cover wounds with flowers
That grow upon Life's western slope.
Their leaves are bright, and hard, and dry,
They have no soft and healing dew:
And pansies of past summers lie
Dead, in the shadow of the yew.

You say this to yourself, and turn
To pace the dimness of your room,
But lo, like fire within an urn,
The moonlight glows through all the gloom;
It soothes you like a living thing,
And spite of all your dreary tears
Some drops of gladness will up-spring
For memories that the time endears.

On nights like these, with such a moon
Full shining in a wintry sky,
Or on the softer nights of June
When fleecy clouds fled thought-like by,
Within our chamber opening east,
With curtains from the windows parted,
With hands and cheeks together prest,
We dreamed youth's glowing dreams, light-hearted.

Or talked of that mysterious love
That comes like Fate to every soul,
And vowed to keep our lives above
Perchance its sorrowful control.
Alas, the very vow we made
To keep our lives from passion free,
To wiser hearts must have betrayed
Some future love's intensity.

How well that youthful vow was kept
Is written on a deathless page—
Vain all regrets, vain tears we wept,
The record lives from age to age.
But God, 'who doeth all things well,'
Who made us differ from the throng,
Has it within his heart to quell
This torturing pain of thirst, ere long.

And you, whose soul is all aglow
With fire Prometheus brought from Heaven.
Shall in the future surely know
Joys for which high desires are given.
Not always in a restless pain,
Shall beat your heart, and throb your brow,
Not always shall you sigh in vain
For hope's fruition, hidden now.

Beloved, are your tear-drops dried?
The moon's riding high above;—
Though each from each is parted wide,
We have not parted early love.
And tho' you never are forgot,
The moon-rise in the east shall be
The token that my evening thought
Is given to memory and thee.

F. F. B.

IDEALIZED NATURE.



J. STILLMAN, the artist, lately gave his lecture in Boston, on "English Art," from which we are pleased to extract the following finely conceived passage:

"Nature reveals her inmost and most worshipful beauties only to him who has the imagination which can pass beyond the external forms and facts, and reach essential truths. It is this mystery of the combination of nature and the artist's mind which, in the works of men of real genius, at once holds the mass of mankind at the distance of incomprehensiveness, and chains those who do learn to appreciate and understand them to the car of their triumph, not unwilling trophies of conquest, and perhaps, like Ruskin for Turner, the more exultant heralds of the conqueror's glory from their being attended by so few companions in appreciation.

"It may not be of the slightest import to us, personally, what the exact nature